



# CALIFORNIA GARDEN

H. O. Sessions  
Mission Hills

8-15

Per Year  
One Dollar

OCTOBER, 1915

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Monthly Exposition Excursion  
A Bit of Old Japan  
The Question of Rural Credits  
The October Gardens  
The Rose—The Dahlia—The Lath House

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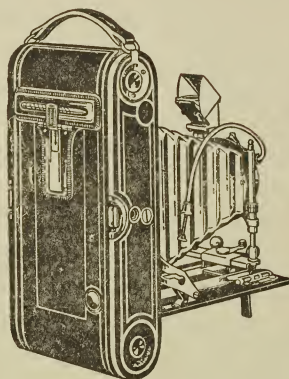
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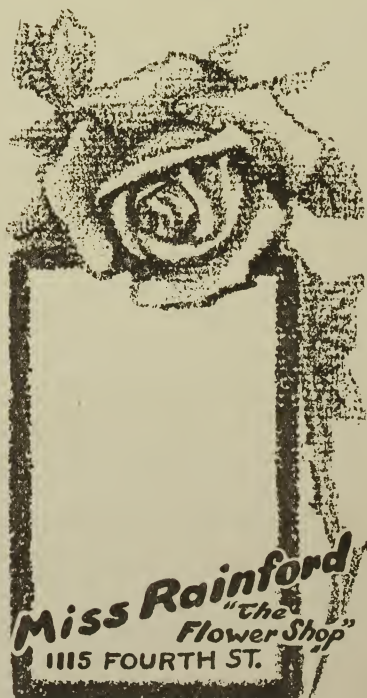
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# The California Garden


*Published Monthly by the San Diego Floral Association*

*One Dollar per Year, Ten Cents per Copy*

Vol. 7

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER, 1915

No. 4

E approach, or we hope we approach, the time of rain and before another copy of this paper is issued the browns and yellows in our landscape may have changed to a green tone and the majority of people will heave a sigh of relief and give thanks for the change.

Without pretending to be free from the general sentiment in the matter we do submit that scant justice is done to this ripening of the earth in our summers, for it is a ripening, not a premature burning up. Many of our indigenous growths demand this rest, that comes with long abstinence from moisture, and will die if irrigated all the year round. It is a popular fallacy to imagine that green must be the background to all beauty in landscape, and the peculiar beauty and charm of our dry season, when instead of a background green becomes an infrequent incident, cries aloud for a prophet. While not claiming to be that prophet or any relation of his, we are so full of the glory of the backcountry at this ripening time, having meandered through it in an old but reliable auto in company with an older friend, that we have the matter if not the words to make a picture. This friend from the extreme north of the state kept saying as we journeyed from mountain to mountain, "Where is your dust?" He could not keep himself from looking back to see the dust column that from his northern experience should be there. We went with the wind and against it but there was no dust. The leaves on the trees, the brush by the roadside, were as if newly washed and yet the earth appeared as dry as the bones in the vision of Ezekiel.

Up at the top of our world the frost has lightly touched the poison oak and ivy and they have flamed out in reds and orange, performing that annual sunset colored wonder of going to sleep. The manzanita is the soft gray of an undressed suede glove. It mottles the hillside, making it look like velvet, over which a giant cat has walked. The oaks and the pines still are the dark green that speaks of the

even strong flow of the sap that is maturing the acorns for the squirrels and the pigeons and all the other natives of the land that is a mile nearer the Stars than we by the sea. The seed of the chaparral is tawny in hue and the grass of the meadows lies yellow in the sunshine. Over all is the blue of the sky. In places the earth itself is red and the giant boulders are grey and the vista ever changes. Sometimes, as where the prospect is open to the Salton Sea, infinitude seems to be, and again the way is lined and roofed with trees ending apparently in the mountain side only a few hundred yards away. Rugged peak and level plain and everything between, giant trees and low brush, a mountain crowned with stone, a flower by the roadside, and everywhere the stillness that belongs with real bigness.

A thousand feet lower the trees are gone save scattering oaks in the valleys, but Viejas is perhaps even more glorious than when he bloomed yellow and purple in the spring. He has put on a robe of pinky tan so that seen over the foreground of a field of sunflowers in the last rays of the setting sun he appears to have come alive, to have found himself. He looks ruddy, healthy, ripe. Off to the North of the Alpine road is a huge granite pile. One does not get near it but it dominates that side of the road for twenty miles. First it is in the distance, then it comes nearer, finally it is passed, but it is a signpost on the way. Our little girl always counts progress by the stone mountain. It glares in the morning sun, it softens in the afternoon, toward evening shadows come athwart its great face showing where features unsuspected jut out and then as it goes to rest it melts out in a purple haze. There is a wonderful valley going north this side of Alpine. It has always an air of mystery: generally a blue haze floats in its depths. If we knew enough to stay children, it would make us think of the valley where the roc deposited Sindbad, but anyway it should make us feel the charm of not seeing or knowing everything. Perhaps it would not be worth while but it looks as if a saddle-



horse and an hour would put one where even the memory of the smell of man would cease to be.

The auto has taken us to our mountains, but is it not taking us past the best of them; past the land of imagination, shutting our eyes so that we do not see the things that are there to be seen. A wonderful view, even some particular feature like a mountain, wants to be lived with to be known and appreciated. It has its moods, it responds to seasons, or the growth

does; it exerts an influence. At a resort in the backcountry the mountain Guatay dominates the outlook. Regular visitors get to speak of old Guatay with a note of personal affection. If it is cloudy, they look to him to see if his cap is veiled and unconsciously the mountain settles them down to rest just by being there.

Of course all this is the vaporizing of a crazy man to most of our "efficient" ones of today, but it may be that such view points might help to maintain efficiency.

## *A Grapevine in a Bit of Old Japan*

By RUTH INGERSOLL ROBINSON



O sit under his own grape vine and eat the luscious fruit is the rare privilege of Mr. James L. Chapman. This particular vine is of the Delaware variety, and if you are so fortunate as to have cut a cluster of these greyish-lavender grapes, and rested under the bamboo and eucalyptus arbor, while you ate them, you are no doubt searching for them now in every market—their flavor is so distinctive.

If, by chance, you should go to Mr. Chapman's garden, at Eighth and Robinson streets, at another season than the six weeks of ripening grapes you would undoubtedly drink tea and eat Japanese rice-cakes under this same leafy tangle of grape vine, for this garden is thoroughly Japanese, and such refreshments would be most fitting. To use effectively and artistically a comparatively small garden space (42 feet square) no better model could be chosen than the Japanese. Mr. Chapman has lived in Japan and his adaptations are authentic and decidedly uncommon.

A charming vista, the length of the garden, is gained by entering at the east gate. This gate is a reproduction of one in old Japan,—the wood having been charred and burned to just the right color, while the hand-wrought copper gate hinges are of ancient design. The bit of decorative wood-work on this gate is the same as that used in the children's play house at the back of the lot, and is known as the conventionalized mist and cloud motif.

The aforementioned playhouse is a complete replica of a Japanese dwelling from the heavy matting on the floor to the paper partitions, the charcoal stove, and the carp screen which is so popular in Japan. A por-

tion of the building may be used as a garage, and the second story is a work-shop, so that the practical needs of the day are not forgotten in this unusually attractive structure. The fence at the north boundary of the lot is built of charred boards and represents the physician's motif, or the kind of design always used on the fences of the medical men of Japan.

To the west masses of blue morning glory have been planted to give the appearance of distance and space. Several clumps of great bamboo, as well as the small feathery variety are here in the garden and are located to the best advantage. A white wistaria wends its way over a trellis adjoining the home of Mr. Chapman, and in the time of its blooming season is most beautiful.

The very heart of this Japanese garden is a tiny lake, and it is found here with the mounds on the shore to represent mountains, with the ornamental strawberry in festoons over them; a waterfall trickles over the stones; and water lilies blossom in the cool shade of a rustic bridge. The stone lanterns stand on diminutive hillsides, and "the little but old" pine trees grow gnarled and bent in quaint jardinières. The drain from the bit of a lake irrigates the front lawn—and this operation typifies the success with which Mr. Chapman has united the practical needs of a back yard with a harmonious artistic expression, and a delightful playground for his children in the Japanese garden.

Quite a number of Garden subscribers have secured two new subscriptions each, in compliance with the request of the Floral Association board of directors.

# The Question of Rural Credits

The following article on Rural Credits is published because the matter would seem to be germane to soil interests, but its publication does not mean that the pages of California Garden are open to an endless discussion of the question involved.

A plea for a more enlightened financial basis for the agriculture of California, by Harris Weinstock, Acting President of the California Rural Credits Commission.

The people of the State of California on the 26th day of October next will have an opportunity of saying whether or not they are in favor of the state establishing a system of rural credits. This opportunity will be afforded them in the nature of a proposed amendment to the Constitution known as Senate Amendment No. 17, which will permit the Legislature in its discretion to enact a rural credit law and which will exempt from taxation rural credit bonds.

Unless this amendment to the constitution carries it will be legally impossible to have a system of rural credits.

A rural credit system is based primarily upon the possibility of issuing land bonds in lieu of land mortgages. Unless these bonds are exempted from taxation it means that the land will be taxed and the bonds also will be taxed, thus making it a case of double taxation and making the rural credit bonds unsalable.

Furthermore, unless the constitution is amended it will not be legally possible for the State in any way to father and to support the rural credit system. Under the proposed amendment it is made permissive for the Legislature in its discretion to authorize the State to lend its credit to the proposed system.

Of course, it is understood that by rural credits is meant a system whereby a farmer, through state aid or through co-operation under legally authorized methods, can obtain a loan on his property up to a valuation of say 50 per cent at a low rate of interest, with the privilege of spreading the repayments over a long period—say thirty years. If the money is secured through co-operative organization, the large aggregate sum borrowed and the long term of the loan, together with the legal guaranties placed around the bonds authorized for such loans, will assure a low rate of interest, and, if the money is provided directly by the State, the rate of interest to the farmer will be the rate at which the State can borrow money in the markets of the world,

plus a small addition to cover the cost of administration. This means that, with either method, by paying annually say from six per cent to seven per cent, the farmer will cover both his interest and the payments on his principal and thus in the course of say 30 years or sooner, at his option, easily wipe out his debt, which is a very different proposition from paying all the way from eight per cent to twelve per cent, as small farmers now are not infrequently obliged to do, and having a debt continued practically for all time, for, while it is usually payable in from two to three years, he cannot meet these terms, and must renew it indefinitely at considerable cost of time, money and worry.

Such thoughtful and constructive citizens of California as have given the problem of rural credits study and investigation are a unit in the belief that it is a system which should be adopted. In doing this the State is not working along experimental lines. Europe and Australasia have long been object lessons, not only of the merit of a rural credit system but of its success, and California will, therefore, merely be a trailer in the rural credits procession. It will be a case simply where California is profiting by the wisdom and experience of older and much more conservative countries than is our commonwealth. I for one feel that we have no moral right to further invite newcomers to become rural colonists among us until we have made it more possible than it is now for them to succeed as cultivators of the soil.

Furthermore, it is in the interest and for the welfare of the State that the small, struggling farmer, who, under existing conditions finds himself on the ragged edge financially because of excessive rates of interest that he frequently is called upon to pay because he is small and struggling and because of the short time for which loans are usually made, should be placed in a position where, in common with the small European or Australasian farmer, he can borrow his money at the world's lowest rate of interest and have thirty or more years over which to spread repayments on his loan.

It must be plain, therefore, that all who favor the welfare of the State and who want to see the small farmer, who is the backbone of the commonwealth, keep his head above water should favor the adoption of Senate Amendment No. 17.

October Regular Meeting, 21st

(See Page 14)



# Meeting Held in Charming Court



HE Planting of Courts" was thoroughly discussed at the September Floral Association meeting, held Tuesday evening, at the W. S. Dorland residence, Seventh and Upas streets.

The court in which the meeting was held was designed by Irving J. Gill, the house surrounding it being of the old Spanish style, and has been frequently commented on by outside magazines.

Miss Kate Sessions told of the tribulations experienced in finding the sort of plantings which would thrive in the court, the original plants being gradually eliminated until practically all were gone except the ficus repens, which grew and thrived until it covered the posts, walls and ceilings. Another species, called ficus pumila, a small-leaved variety, also did well. The roses, which were planted originally, mildewed and dropped their leaves, but begonias and ferns made themselves at home, also fuchsias, coleus and geraniums. Papyrus growing in one corner is trying to get through the screen with which the court has been covered.

Here are some of the suggestions prompted by the experiences of a number at the meeting:

The court should have a tile or cement floor, with proper drainage, so that the hose can be turned on at frequent intervals. The places to be left for plantings should be decided upon before the completion of the architect's plans, in order to save friction and expense.

In some locations better results might be obtained by building the house on two sides only, allowing a pergola, or lath garden to complete the square.

The court is Spanish and in Spain they treat it as a living room. There should be an excuse for every wall, and a path should lead somewhere, be of use, not just forming part of a picture.

The average amateur gardener is afraid to prune vines, which should be done regularly but at the proper times. Ferns thrive best when they have been allowed to become root-bound in their pots. Many re-pot too quickly. Begonias for use in the court should be in movable pots.

The roofs of apartment houses and store buildings in San Diego furnish fine opportunities for experimenting with roof-gardens. The garden lacks the home atmosphere if it hasn't the individuality of its owner.

Miss Katherine Jones, of the College of Agriculture, Berkeley, was present. She is in the Landscape Department, and in a tour

of the State is urging flower enthusiasts to specialize and experiment with some particular branch of gardening, or some one flower, learning, studying and improving until that individual becomes an authority to whom others may go for advice and aid.

In speaking of the development of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, Alfred D. Robinson expressed the belief that the wonderful development is due to the fact that it has been under the supervision of one man, John McLaren, for twenty-eight years. A city park to fulfill its mission must be the playground of all the people it serves; amusements for the children and tennis, baseball, stadium, drives, speedways, gardens, etc., for the grownups.

Among the interesting specimens of curious plants brought for inspection were the snail vine, some fancy-leaved calladiums, Burbank's rainbow corn, and several varieties of foliage and blooms from the Exposition grounds.

## THE ROSE



PERHAPS nothing is so indicative of the wisdom of not forcing roses to work all summer as the voluntary effort they put forth at this season when the air has more moisture and less fire. All around new growth is to be observed and the resulting blooms if small, have a depth of color that makes amends. Where such growth is happening the obvious thing is to encourage it with water if necessary and garner the harvest with thankfulness. It is too late to expect to get a regular fall crop of bloom unless work to that end has already been done, so care should be exercised not to stimulate bushes, and there is no stimulation so powerful as pruning, it is too early to prune.

From the experience of the writer last year he has come to the conclusion that he has not overfed but given food in a form not easily digested. Experiments through the summer showed that growths responded in these continuously fertilised areas to a heavy dressing of airslaked lime in a remarkable manner and whereas heretofore the use of lime has been advised it is recommended again with special emphasis born of these experiments, and the stable manure is tabooed for one season. The rationale of this treatment seems to be, that our summer irrigation combined with a comparatively shallow cultivation forms a reservoir of sour moist compound. The continuous shallow cultiva-



tion forms a hard area just below it which in stiff soils may be almost watertight. Almost everybody has had the experience of plants wilting up just after a good watering and the trouble in many cases is this souring of the earth. If such plants are pulled up they will be found to have the bark of the roots rotting so that it sloughs off at the touch. The lime tends to correct this sourness. Further, there may be lots of plant food in the soil and yet a plant starve to death because its form is not such that can be taken up. Lime in the soil prepares these unusable parts for the plant's assimilation. Possibly the best way to apply the lime would be to turn up the rosebeds after good rains and leave them rough scattering the lime till the ground was white, this would expose the under soil where the sourness if any would be, then another good spading could follow in the spring. If any reader wants to try this liming and has an experienced guide to the method within call, he had better use such, as the foregoing is largely speculation.

The roses budded on Climbing Cecile Bruner as standards last June, referred to in previous articles, have made astonishing growth in spite of restricted moisture and no fertilization. Today they are yielding many blooms on good long stems and in the case of Joseph Hill the blooms are quite large. An expert has thrown doubts upon the successful moving of this stock and the test of it in this respect has to be made, but in private gardens the stock could be planted where it was to stay.

Frankly the writer's enthusiasm for the rose is not waning, but concentrating. The rose except in exceptional cases is not to be relied upon in this locality to form a permanent feature in our gardens. There is in mind as this is written a carefully planned and executed rose garden in one of the best places we have, and half the year one cannot help feeling it should not have had so prominent a place. The rose will become an incident in our gardens, a very charming and important one but nevertheless it can not be a mainstay of the all-the-year-round scheme. Don't let the conclusion jumper imagine that this means the passing of the rose even so far as the writer's garden is concerned. It merely points to fewer roses and better ones and a definite comparatively short rose season, which is the rule in every land that raises the perfect rose. This is reversing what has been written aforetime in this paper by the same pen, that is admitted, but it has always also been insisted that like the rest of the folks the writer was feeling his way, getting the food of experience and this is the result of digestion.

Notices of Meetings, page 14.

## Palomar Apartment Patio

*Ruth Ingersoll Robinson*

One of the most typically Spanish patios to be found in San Diego is that of the Palomar Apartments. It is not open to the sky but is glass covered, and this makes it possible to have the most delicate of ferns and tropical grasses growing there in perfect luxuriance.

A circular garden plot is in the center of the patio and here grows a splendid banana tree, bright leaved coleus, sword ferns, and a "jungle" palm. Enclosing this space is a low wall built of highly glazed blue and yellow tile of intricate design. Balconies from the several upper floors open on this court, and boxes of ferns, myrtle, begonias and coleus are fastened to the artistic iron grille work which surrounds these balconies.

The feathery cocos plumosus add to the tropical scene, and prim Italian cypresses lend a formal note. Heavy log beams show through under the arches which are on two sides of the patio. Bold, conventional designs in grey and red display the dominant colors, and navajo rugs have been chosen to harmonize with the wall decorations. The grey and white furniture is unique and appropriate. Another Spanish detail is noticeable in the light green window casements. This patio is winning much well deserved praise and is worthy of a visit.

From the roof of the Palomar Apartments an inspiring and expansive view may be obtained of the Exposition; San Miguel and the blue mountains in the distance; the Silver Strand, Coronado, North Island and Point Loma may all be admired from this vantage point. In the immediate foreground are seen the well-kept lawns and shrubs and trees of Balboa Park. On this roof many delightful dancing parties and receptions have been given during the summer and surely no more attractive surroundings could be desired.

## Back to Their Books

Among the young women garden enthusiasts who have recently gone to their respective schools and colleges are: the Misses Alice Wangenheim and Margaret Kew who have entered Vassar; Helen Marston has taken up her studies at Wellesley; Mary Allen of Bonita has returned to Bryn Maur; and Anna Doyle has entered upon a course at the Damrosch School of Musical Art. Those who have joined the San Diego colony at the University of California include the Misses Eleanor Allen, Anne Sherman of Coronado, Katherine Fletcher and Louise Keene.

Wistarias—both white and purple. On the right of the entrance are one or two *Cycas revoluta* (Sago "Palms", so-called), familiar to the eyes of Southern Californians, but none the less typically Japanese.

Near the "Sugi" Pine, previously mentioned, are several specimens of dwarfed cedars—tiny spreading midgets of only a few inches in height but fifteen years or so of age. These are of a glaucous color similar to our *Cedrus Deodara* in this respect. There are good specimens of dwarfed weeping Junipers, of

foot. Like *Lippia*, it does not need to be mowed, although in the quantity in which one would probably plant it, the mowing would not be a serious consideration.

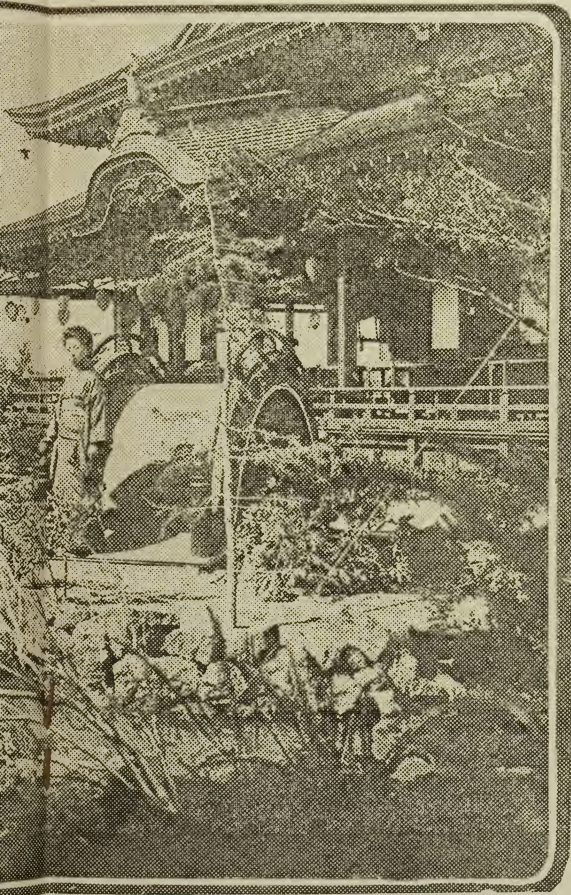
Between the walk and the east half of the tiny lagoon is a tall, sparsely branched shrub or small tree, possibly five or six feet in height, with leaves an inch or so in diameter and in shape somewhat suggesting those of the Maiden Hair Tree (*Ginkgo biloba*), excepting that they are indented at the tips. This is the sacred *Icho*, always to be found in gardens surrounding the temples of *Buddha*—and not supposed to be used elsewhere—so we are transgressing in having it here at our exposition. Scholars who wish to protect the books of their libraries against the ravages of the bookworm—not the human kind—press a few leaves of the *Icho* between the leaves of the books, and their books are never visited by this pest.

In the extreme northeastern corner of the garden is an *Aralia*-like shrub, with eight-lobed leaves—which bears the Japanese name of *Yatsuda*—meaning eight-fingered. Adjoining this is a Laurel-like shrub called *Tsubaki*, which bears a mass of pink bloom, but only when it has attained great age.

West of the lagoon and flowing into it is the Izumi fountain, indicating a never failing supply of water. The Japanese manager facetiously informs one that in this case being connected with the city water system helps the unfailing part of it wonderfully. I hope so. The lantern near this fountain is the Yama or mountain lantern, generally carved from stone, this one being an exception to the general rule. If one wishes to inspect these two—at closer range it is necessary to use stepping stones, and it is advisable to commence with the right foot or there is danger of getting the feet tangled. Try it sometime.

Here and there are familiar plants—especially close to the building, where almost no Japanese plants are used, among the more typically Japanese part of the plantings there are, for instance, *Cuphea microphylla*, which despite its Mexican origin, fits in with the Japanese plants as if it belonged there. So do the several species of *Eleagnus* which are scattered throughout the garden.

Apropos of Japanese plants, several of the *Aralia papyrifera* (Japanese Rice Paper Plant), are in flower in various parts of the grounds. The flower is not striking, but is interesting in its round feathery whiteness. Probably the best specimen is in the Botanical Building, just inside the main entrance to the building. We are told that the rice paper, of which this plant is the source, is used for the manufacture of paper flowers and for drawing purposes, whereas the paper which is made from the rice straw is more



Japanese two-leaved Pines, Maki Pines, and several others, odd Bamboos, also a Japanese dwarfed golden cedar—the *Hiba*, this last at the southeast corner of the central bridge.

The *Korai-shiba* grass which is always used to cover the artificial "mountains" which form a part of all Japanese gardens, is not the solution of the problem of pasture grass in a dry or any other kind of locality, as it costs something like three dollars per square



generally used for windows in the Japanese houses, such as are in the tea pavilion described above.


Some of the *Duranta plumieri* is yet in full flower, some has matured its bright yellow berries—depending upon the location, but

either in flower or berry it is one of our best shrubs.

In the "Gardens of Montezuma" one of the two *Yucca pendula* in boxes in front of the exetra is in flower, the other is in bud, and soon will display its immense clusters of creamy white flowers.

## Pickings and Peckings

By The Early Bird

 HAVE been taken to task by the Home Industry fanatics for flying so far afield as San Francisco two succeeding months, or rather for taking the public into my confidence about it, so that I feel safer to be hovering now within sight of both our harbor improvements and the Exposition.

There are compensations in being a bird, for you then are your own aeroplane, and can scout to advantage, and get the birdseye view of such events as the outdoor meeting of the Floral Association at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine J. Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton, Jr., on Point Loma. It cannot matter much just when this event took place, but there are those who consider time the essence of every contract, so be it put down that the date was September 28th, all the afternoon.

It must be remembered that this is written from an unusual angle, the one from which the gods view men and their works, seeing those things they are not meant to see as well as those that they are, but to relieve the minds of the timid let it be at once understood that this delectable spot in a most delectable land can boldly challenge inspection from all points of view.

I must at once relieve my crop of one thought that stayed with me the whole afternoon, and that is the recognition of the large public service rendered by the owners of such places as that we are now visiting just in making and maintaining them. Occupying a commanding situation on an eminence, the white houses in their setting of greenery are visible from all sides. They form a landmark, a feature in the landscape upon which the eye rests with comfort and pleasure even in the momentary glimpse allowed by the auto's frenzied flight. The owners live in the garden spot they have created for that purpose, but nevertheless the beauty is there for the enjoyment of every passerby, if he know enough to enjoy instead of envy.

I got there late, or rather not so early as some folks, and to hide my embarrassment, at

once attached myself to a party conducted by Mrs. Sefton, which was vainly endeavoring to grab off a few names of the bewildering multitude of growths that bordered the line of march. This was a mistake, as a lady carrying samples at once requested identification, and did not conceal her chagrin at finding it in only one case. Anyhow very plain metal labels are somewhere for most everything, but everything is most everywhere and just then we were where the label was not. Dear me, that reads like the brown bear danced on the barn floor barefoot, but was not meant that way. Soon after I was required to locate and classify an odor that took another visitor back to the effete East, so I detached myself. I never was any good as a guide, for plants interest me more than folks and I get in the case of a gentleman who has officiated as judge at some of our shows who got so interested in the exhibits that he could hardly be induced to make the awards.

Soon after getting loose I spied a Japanese gateway that reminded me of the one giving entrance to the Garden at the St. Louis Exposition, and darned if there was not the same Japanese carpenter that I had left putting the finishing touches on that gate over there in 1904, the other side of this gate building a summer-house. Any way he looked just like him and had the same funny tools.

If it were not for the inconvenience to the kindly owners, every mule and scraper man ought to be taken to that Japanese garden so that he might realize what potentialities in beauty he destroys when he levels. Down over the yellow cliff rushes the water to a pool below where, its ardor cooled, it meanders calmly down a winding stream whose banks are rugged crags in miniature, merely the skilful adaptation of natural conditions, shrubbery and all. It is a landscape full of feature, rugged spire and rounded knoll, rough guich and level plain, and off to the north a background of shere wall seamed with the water and just the buff shade it ought to be. I am trying to be very good so that I may be allowed to see that Japanese garden a few



moons hence, when the signs of the work shall have been blended into one harmonious picture, and down in the tea room under the wistaria a geisha girl soothes me with tea and dances me into the land of don't care a—well, a hang, as this is a polite publication.

Another thing, all we who have gone astray after strange growths should see and ponder over its lesson, is the few old eucalypti to the south of the house. These trees, old only in the sense of its kind which hurries up to be a tree, are so admirable, their skeleton is so beautifully out of alignment, osteopathically they are so wrong that they are individuals standing naked and unashamed. I must plead guilty to loving to see the bones of a tree. There is a eucalyptus *Citriadora* on Sixth street, near Grape, that, like a siren, draws me round that way whenever I have business within a mile and the fact that I can now see it so near and intimately, as it were, is the only palliation in my mind for cutting Sixth street through that lovely canyon that was.

After the street car, which like time and tide waits for no man, had taken away the greater part of the visitors and a proper feeling had removed the rest, I brazenly stayed on and had a hurried tour with Mr. Sefton. He confesses that his interest, which he admits is big and ever getting bigger in gardens, owes its inception to the Exposition. (Score one, and a big one, for the Exposition.) He specializes on shrubs and trees and in sixteen months has hunted down and bagged most everything that is worth while and some things he admits were not worth while. He is as familiar with growths with strange habits and names as I am with dahlias and roses, and calls them by their first name, as if they had been raised together. It is lovely to hear him own up and say "I have made mistakes," because this is the great stumbling-block in the gardening cult, and all the more is it likeable because these mistakes are so unperceivable to any but himself, that he need not have "fessed up" unless he wanted to. If Mr. Sefton has acquired all his gardening lore in sixteen months or so there are a lot of us who ought to be ashamed of our store of learning. Yes, I am making the obvious application.

Finally I got to the terrace where Mrs. Campbell served me punch and completed my disillusioning. She and Mr. Campbell showed me the atrium. I had a dim idea that an atrium was a Roman fighting machine but it turned out to be a porch that was inside the house and was a conservatory, and a conservatory that was an entrance hall, and an entrance hall that was the most livable room you ever saw. That is what an atrium is, and if you won't accept that lucid definition you must get a better one from Mrs. Campbell; I have done my best.

The real soft place in their hearts is reserved by both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell for the lath house and there they have treasures that came from Cuba and Jamaica and are recuperating from the strenuous precautions of the state inspector who boiled them in oil or gave them some other Mikado-like humorous treatment. There is a rose-colored flowering vine that is very worthy. I thought I caught the name, but nothing like my imagining appears in my encyclopaedia, and I must pass it. Then there is or ought to be a weirdly beautiful hibiscus that recurves like a mum and has a pistil like the pendulum of a grandfather's clock, and an azure pea is growing cheerfully.

That lathhouse is doomed to have surprises. Its lid will be raised and its sides move into the distant landscape. It will acquire a glass annex and its owners will delve in its earth and introduce to its shelter new and old things that shall make life on this wonderful hill ever better worth the living.

The Floral Association enjoyed a rare privilege on this occasion and the early bird takes upon himself the expression of collective appreciation sure that he can safely do so.

But you say you want to hear about the plants, the names, etc. Well, get a good, full descriptive catalogue and rest assured they are all there. Cotoneasters in great variety, but they don't do like they will at San Francisco; bamboos, big and little, all flourishing and not in swamps either; *Cretagus*, which means hawthorns, and just drop in on Mr. Joseph Sefton and learn all about them. He did not say he would tell you, but I know from experience that he will, for gardening information oozes like sap from a broken branch.

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Signed, Guy T. Keene, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1915.

ROBERT S. WRIGHT,

(Seal.)

Notary Public.

My Commission expires March 4, 1916.

*Don't Miss the Monthly Meetings.*

# The October Gardens

## The Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews



CONTINUE to plant seeds of winter blooming annuals and perennials for next season. This is the chief planting month for bulbs, especially the Dutch tulips are the best for this locality, the earlier ones being very apt to come stemless. Along with the Darwins are what are known as the breeder tulips, unchanged forms of the old garden ones. Tulips come always at first in a solid color, then after a season or two, break, and are shaded, flamed, of striped on a solid ground, in all the exquisite colors and variety that are seen in the tulips of today. Breeders are late bloomers, have long stems, a very essential point, and come in all the art tints of browns, buffs and coppers. While the tulip is gorgeous in its beauty, it is costly to this section, as the bulbs come to us with stored beauty within them, and the first season they are all that could be desired, but after that the bulbs dwindle and seldom give satisfaction. On the other hand the Narcissus, in variety, continue to multiply season after season, and seldom, if given care, fail to give ample crop of bloom each spring. They have a preference for a good rich loam. No fresh manure should ever be used with bulbs. If grown in a partly shaded place, the stems are stronger, and the blooms last much longer. In hyacinths, I greatly prefer the French-Romans. They are quite different from the Dutch hyacinths. They come from Southern France. The bloom stalks are more slender and much more graceful. In the east they are forced by the millions for cut flowers, but are not hardy, as they are with us.

The last of this month, or the first of next, plant your anemones and ranunculus. They delight in a moist, cool spot. Soak them in tepid water several hours before planting, and be sure and put the ranunculus with claws downward. Now that fall is near and we begin to think that we will have rain, it's no excuse for neglecting irrigation. This would be better done in the early part of the day, so that the plants are less apt to be chilled during the cool, foggy nights that so often follow a warm day at this season.

This is a very favorable month for planting many of the shrubs that flower in the spring or early summer. Some as well as giving bloom furnish us with choice fruits. The feijoa, the guava, the pomegranite, etc.

Shrubs are invaluable as screens against objectionable objects, also as windbreaks and hedges. Planted as informal masses on large grounds, they are one of the most pleasing features in the landscape, and underneath them you can always find spots to tuck away your smaller bulbs, such as scillas, alliums, etc. My little Iris Pavonia, the Peacock Iris, have bloomed and increased year after year under a guava bush. They push up in the spring, bloom, mature their leaves, and disappear entirely until the next year. Loosening the soil does not seem to effect them during the summer. Remember that fall irrigations are very apt to induce a full crop of insect pests, where the soil has been made moist, and a mulch put on sow bugs, so destructive to small feeding roots, gather in quantities; snails and cut-worms still get in their deadly work, and in warm, dry spots ants are apt to be very troublesome. For these I have found a weak kerosene solution effective. Pour into the ground where they gather, and they soon move on.

## With the Vegetables

Walter Birch



IF you have not already taken advantage of September to plant your winter garden, there is still warmth enough in the soil to make a fairly good start, altho' with the increasingly long nights and shorter days the growth will not be as quick as it was when the days were longer and the ground warmer. First dig in some well rotted manure where you are going to plant, if you want a good return in vegetables for your time and work, as most of our soil is none too rich. If you hoe some furrows lengthwise of the piece you are going to plant, and run water in them for a few hours, you will find it much easier to get a good depth with your spade or spading fork (the latter is much the better tool to use if your ground is fairly heavy), than you would if you only sprinkle the surface. In planting, do not put the same things in the same places you put them last year. A change of crop is always beneficial. There is no better vegetable than peas and October is a fine time to plant them, even if you have already planted some in September. The cooler weather is always better for peas in this locality and one pound will plant a row about sixty feet long. Yorkshire Hero and Strata-gem are the popular medium height peas, and

Notts Excelsior and American Wonder for semi-dwarf and dwarf, the last named being the quickest pea of the lot. You can still plant the hardier variety of beans, such as Canadian Wonder and Broad Windsor, the latter being a regular winter shell bean and a great producer. It is good time yet for most of the small seeds, such as beets, cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, kale, lettuce, turnip, radish, etc. These all do well here in the winter, and with the damp atmosphere and cooler days are at their best when ready for the table. For cabbage, plant Winnigstadt, Flat Dutch or Danish Ball Head, and for cauliflower, Large Algiers and Snowball.

If your soil is shallow you will find Oxheart Carrot a good one and if deep Danner's Half Long or Chantenay are the best. Hanson's Head and Los Angeles Market Lettuce are hard to beat for winter, the latter being the favorite with the market gardeners at this season.

In the flower garden October is the ideal month for getting your bulb garden in. Most of the Dutch bulbs have now arrived, and with proper care and using a little judgment in arranging your planting, there is nothing that will give you a better return for your time and money than a nice selection of bulbs. If you arrange your beds for a succession of plantings between now and December you can have a series of bloom coming on from the latter part of February until the end of April. Bulbs like good rich friable soil, and if your soil is heavy and sour a little air-slacked lime will help to sweeten it and at the same time liberate the natural fertilizers in the soil.

Arrange your beds with ridges at the sides so that you can periodically flood them. Sprinkling is unsatisfactory. After planting your bulbs mulch the surface with one or two inches of well rotted manure, preferably pulverised cow manure. This will prevent evaporation and keep the ground cool and moist. When a mulch is used it is not necessary to cultivate, as it protects the ground from cracking or drying out. By raking surface occasionally you can get rid of the weeds that are sure to come, but all weed seed will germinate some time before the growth from the bulbs reaches the surface, so that you can do all the work necessary to get rid of the weeds without being afraid of hurting the growing bulbs.

There is nothing in the bulb family more satisfactory than Narcissi, or Daffodils. They are easy of culture and can be planted in borders, or beds, or raised in flower pots. They bloom early in spring and continue in bloom for a long period.

It is timely also to plant a nice selection of Gladiolus bulbs. By doing so now you will get early blooms, and there is nothing prettier or more effective for cut flowers.

In fact, now is the time to plant the greater part of the bulb list. Easter Lilies, freesias, hyacinths, iris, jonquils, ranunculus, tulips, anemones, etc.

## The Dahlia

*Alfred D. Robinson*



HERE has been a perfect deluge of newspaper clippings of dahlia shows in the East and the North and the inference seems to be why not one in San Diego—because the time for it is long past for this year. In other benighted lands dahlias are a fall bloomer while with us they start in the spring and keep at it all summer. Further, these accounts enthuse over dahlia blooms nearly as big as chrysanthemums and this must mean one of two things, that their mums are very large indeed or their dahlias very small. Everything points to a dahlia craze and to be in fashion the Floral Association will have to arrange for a dahlia show at the right time in 1916. Mid August occurs to me as the appointed season, but this would suit the tubers planted in April or early May only, not those left over in the ground which would be at their best much earlier. It is in order for our dahlia growers to send in their favored dates to the Secretary now when they are fresh in the memory, for left till next spring some wild guessing would ensue.

Have you tagged your dahlias so that at planting time you can tell color and habit of growth, it must be done while blooms still linger. This is important for you are going to group with a color scheme next year or be out of style.

Don't be in a hurry to dig up tubers, if you have cut the tops back give the tubers a chance to ripen. Don't dig seedlings the first season at all, their tubers are apt to be so small that they will dry up out of the ground.

I have found the best way to winter tubers is to place them upright under a tree, where the sun strikes occasionally. When I put them in complete shade several rotted. They must not be placed on top of one another and care should be taken in digging and moving so as to leave the clump intact.

In digging don't just ram in a spade and try and pry out the whole thing, make a large hole working from the outer edge and carefully expose the whole clump from all sides. If possible leave them where dug for a few days in the sun, which will harden the skin and prevent injury to it which frequently starts rot.

Do eliminate. You cannot have all varieties, their number is like the sand on the seashore. Grow more of the good ones.

At the end of another season I find myself

*Continued on Page 14*



## The California Garden

Alfred D. Robinson, Editor  
G. T. Keene, Manager

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### The San Diego Floral Association

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#### OCTOBER REGULAR MEETING.

The October Regular Meeting will be held on the evening of the 19th at the A. H. Sweet residence, Spruce and Curlew streets. Take No. 3 or 5 cars to First and Spruce and walk across the bridge. Those going in machines will have to go to Walnut, to get around the canyon.

#### OCTOBER OUT-DOOR MEETING

Friday, the 15th

The San Diego Floral Association will hold an Out-Door Meeting Friday afternoon at the A. S. Bridges residence, 2500 Chatsworth Boulevard, Loma Portal. This is the fine new home on the crest of the hill above Loma Portal, with a big lathhouse and spacious grounds. Members and their friends should take the 2:20 car from Fourth and Broadway and get off at Curtis St. Those with machines might go a little early and assist in transporting to the place of meeting, those who go on the car

#### EMINENTLY QUALIFIED

Miss Kate Sessions, vice-president of the San Diego Floral Association, has been secured as supervisor of Agriculture in the grammar schools of San Diego. Miss Sessions was a school teacher before taking up floriculture as a business, thus she is doubly qualified for the position.

Already our youngsters are coming home from school filled with enthusiasm over what they have learned about trees, plants and flowers, and are springing botanical names on us with a half dozen syllables.

The work would no doubt progress much more satisfactorily if the school controlled enough ground to have fair-sized gardens where practical gardening could be carried on by the children.

## THE DAHLIA

(Continued from Page 13)

once more forced to the conclusion that as a bedder no dahlia yet grown in quantities approaches Souvenir de Gustav Doazon. Reference to my diary shows that it was blooming on July 1st and at this writing it is still full of good flowers, October 5th. Its foliage shows no sign of mildew and its color tends to deepen as the weather grows cooler, and for all these weeks it has never slackened, or looked shabby.

Another point that has entered my consciousness is how little attention is paid to these articles. All spring I preached "plant Geisha dahlia," yet I have not seen one in a private garden, but I am not discouraged and at once begin to spiel for this red and gold glory for 1916. The dahlia must have a place and a big place in the Exposition grounds next year. It would have done wonderfully along the walk back of the buildings to the north.

## The Lath House

A. D. Robinson



At the date of this writing the nights are still mild but there is a hint of fall in the air and the peculiarly summer growths in the lath house are slackening their efforts. This spells more careful watering and in some instances like tuberous begonias a withholding altogether. Of course many will say that theirs are still blooming and doubtless that is the case, but the tubers for preservation through the winter require to be ripened off. The only way to do this is to let them dry up, so that the stalk will slough away from the tuber leaving a hard callus. In no case should the stem be broken or cut off. Where the tubers have been grown in pots, these can be placed on their sides under a bench or in any sheltered location, till the ripening is complete. This will take a month or more. The tubers can be left in the pots over winter but it is safer to turn them out and remove all earth and keep them on dry sand or in it, so they can be inspected at intervals to see that they are not drying up or rotting away. Doubtless the display in beds of separate colors each to itself of these plants, made at the San Francisco Fair by Holland, will stimulate interest in them in California, and would it not be nice if Holland could be induced to repeat that display here next year.

As a general thing watering will only be needed about every third day unless it comes up extra warm or a north wind visits us which the fates forbid. It has been so warm in October in former years that one ought to stand all day in the lath house and sprinkle, but that is exceptional. Always water now in the morning so that the moisture on foliage

has time to dry before night, the earlier the better because the temperature of water and air will be nearer together. Of course all fertilizer will be withheld from growths that are showing signs of becoming dormant. Most ferns are still growing lustily, in fact many of them have been waiting for the cooler weather to do their best; this applies to polypodiums and their kin. To get those very long fronds on the *Nephrolepis* family they must be kept going through the winter as they are not the growth of one season. The barometer of a fern's condition is the color of its fronds which will turn pale and then yellow from drouth or over-watering. Robust health is indicated by a deep green. Some varieties like *Cibotium Schedei* have naturally light green fronds and the new growth on all ferns is apt to be lighter than later on.

Where begonias have grown long shoots these should be carefully staked so that the first wind and rain do not lay them low. If you are growing your own bamboo, the smaller varieties, cut your own stakes.

Have you considered cinerarias for your winter color in the lathhouse? They love the shade cool and damp and Mrs. Peace of Ocean Beach was very successful with them last year. Unless kept cool and moist they are very attractive to plant lice but when they are half happy they bloom long and continuously. Remember they are mostly in purple shades.

The primrose family should be tried more in these houses, from the tiny baby variety to the giant *Chinensis*. The common primrose and cowslip of England would probably consent to bloom.

It is important to remove all superfluous growth, for from now till April the problem will be not to keep sun out but to let it in.

The wisdom of Mrs. Waite's advice to still plant out begonias is being shown by the marked growth of many varieties during the past month. That so satisfactory *Odorata Alba* has grown feet and is preparing to go into the tree class. Where space and other considerations will allow a begonia clump to form its own shape and size it will prove specially attractive. The shoots that fall down will send up other shoots from every joint and it will acquire that at home feeling which should be the aim of all plant cultivation for artistic effect. This notwithstanding the cypresses and boxes with their special haircuts and the other skillful mutilations that appear in formal treatment.

Lath house owners should specially observe and experiment in the coming months because we have all to learn about winter treatment, if we are to have any joy of these structures in that season, the winter in them should duplicate the spring in less favored lands.

## Getting Close to Nature

By F. C. ARTER

San Diego, in common with most other cities, great and small, has her own unique features to which she proudly calls the attention of all who enter her gates. Her silvery, land-locked har—but, O, what's the use. We've all heard it so often it has become trite. We prate about our back-country and its limitless "possibilities". We are all crazy over the beauties of our Exposition. Thousands of our own citizens and other thousands of touring visitors have been charmed into ecstatic utterances over its architectural, arboreal and floral effects—all of which, and more, it richly merits. But how many of our home folks, lovers of the great "out-doors", and especially our San Diego hills, mesa and canyons, know that our Exposition has a back-country all its very own? Well it has; a country that is teeming with possibilities for adventurous spirits.

Just east of the east entrance to the Exposition grounds there are hundreds of primitive acres, unexplored, uncharted. (This latter if you are kiddish enough to wander back to the Land-of-make-believe.) Of course one should be a little cautious how he approaches this little terra in cognita if he wishes to preserve the feeling of adventure, otherwise, he may have his little illusion dispelled right at the outset. Once you are well within its borders you may abandon yourself to your wildest fancies. Just to indicate the possibilities that await the visitor to this wild bit of nature, let me relate an adventure or two on recent visits.

While reposing in the shade of a clump of wild mahogany on the side of a chaparral covered ravine that branches from one of the larger canyons, drinking in the very spirit of this quiet, restful region, I was startled by the snapping of twigs and rustling leaves a few paces down the ravine. You may imagine my surprise, to say nothing of more acute sensations, when I saw coming towards me and but a few feet below, three large "panthers". My breathing was at once reduced to the lowest degree of frequency consistent with safety. The leader, for they came Indian file, passed, looking neither to the right nor to the left, I unobserved, thanks be. The next brute, who, evidently more care-free, less pre-occupied, and having a greater appreciation for his surroundings, looked up, spied me, our eyes met, and he gave a little startled movement of recognition. I gave a big sigh of relief when he passed on without further ado—evidently not hungry. The last of this trio of prowlers stopped, stock-still, just opposite me, raised one front foot, assuming the position of a pointer dog, and without a tremor, gazed intently ahead, a few moments of

suspended respiration on my part and he passed on, unaware of my presence.

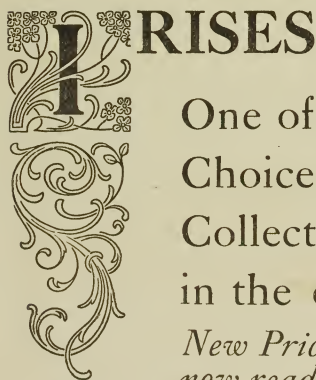
Another little incident that may tend to show, in a measure, the influence of civilization on the wild denizens of this region: While leisurely exploring the deeps of a chaparral-covered canyon, a wild dove lit upon a bush near by. Knowing the dove had little voice for singing, I assumed the role of entertainer by whistling—in my inimitable (?) way—"The Mocking Bird", to which my visitor gave attentive ear. When, however, I began whistling a more modern composition, "Tipperary", he flew away at once, leaving the impression that, perhaps, he was a frequenter of the Exposition groves and had heard the piece so often it had gotten on his nerves.

The most delightful time to visit this region is in the early spring, when the wild flowers are out in all their glory. When mesa and canyon put on their very best spring styles. The spring-tome beauty of this region is now gone (late August), yet there is much color, many shades of green and gray fleck the whole landscape, with here and there a clump of chocolate brown.

At all seasons there is much to lure and charm the lover of this little Rus in Urbe, and when you are weary with much striving and would cast off the worries of business (or lack of business), just don a pair of overalls and come out here "where the living's fine."

\*As near as my knowledge goes one was a Scotch terrier, one an Irish setter and one an English bulldog.

Quite a number of Garden subscribers have secured two new subscriptions each, in compliance with the request of the Floral Association board of directors.



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## The Chickens Came Back



THIS is not to ask you to buy Rosecroft chickens because we are by no means sure we want you to do so. The reason for this hesitation lies in a recent experience.

A man and two women paid us a visit. They wanted chickens, and had long known we had the only real ones. This was the happiest day of their lives. The three saw everything, two of them, whom the church had made one, contracted for three dozen pullets to be delivered in three days. The third threw out hints of large purchases later. The chickens were delivered and the bill was paid.



A week later the unattached woman called on us again with a terrible tale of woe. She had taken one dozen and the couple two, and they fought over the division. Being neighbors they found it easy to do so. Chickens were changed in the dark of the moon, and even though a satisfactory sorting was made in the evening it was all wrong again the next morning.

Beside the chicken embroglio, the lone one had sundry other complaints and the upshot of the matter was that we bought back the smallest dozen at full price and now suspect the three were in cahoots and worked us.

In the future we shall have zones like the Parcels Post and only sell outside the limit of a day's journey. The further away you live, the cheaper you can buy our birds unless you are willing to give bonds to live at peace with your neighbors.

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